Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?
Dar. vnlesse for that my Leige I cannot guesse.
King. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,
Thou wilt reuolt and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.
King. Where is thy power now to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships,
Dar, No my good Lord my friends are in the North,
King. Cold friends to *Richard,* what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.
Dar, They haue not beene commanded mighty soueraigne,
Please it your Maiesty to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends and meete your grace,
Where and what time your maiesty shall please?
King. I, I, thou wouldst begone to ioyne with *Richmond,*
I will not trust you sir,
Dar. Most mighty soueraigne
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.
King. Well, go muster men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your son *George Stanley,* looke your faith be ferme:
Or else his heads assurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious soueraigne, now in *Deuonshire,*
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney,* and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter,* his brother there,
With many more confederates are in armes,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Leige in Kent the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their aide, and still there power increaseth,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord the army of the Duke of *Buckingham.*

He strikes him.

King.

King, Out on ye Owles, n
Take that vntile you bring m
Mes, Your grace mistak
My newes is, that by sudde
The Duke of *Buckinghams a*
*t*ne he himselfe fled no ma
King. O I cry you mercy I
Ratcliffe reward him for the
Hath any well aduised friend
Rewards for him that bring
Mes Such Proclamation h

Enter anothe

Mes, Sir *Thomas Louell,* a
Tis said my Liege are vp in a
Yet this good comfort bring
The Brittaine Nauie is dispe
Sent out a boat to aske ther
If they were his assistants, ye
Who answered him they ca
Vpon his patie: he mistruf
Hoist saile, and made away
King. March on, march on
If not to fight with forraine e
Yet to beat downe these reb

Enter

Cat. My Liege, the Duke
Thats the best newes, that t
Is with a mightie power lan
Is colder newes, yet they m
King. Away towards *Sal*
A royall battell might bee
Some one take order *Buckin*
To *Salisbury,* the rest march

Enter Darby

Dar. Sir *Christopher,* tell *R*
That in the stie of this most
My son *George Stanley* is fra
If I reuolt off goes yong *G*
The feare of that, with-hol

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